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NUMBER 8.

Come Home to Mother.

BY MARIAPHILOS

A little baby was lost during the late fire in Chicago. The mother and father sought for it day and night in vain. The mother found shelter on the West Side, and, ill-clad, hungry and weeping, she thought of but one thing—her lost child. The poor father, with deep but less demonstrative grief, continued the search. Night was approaching,—worn and weary he was returning to his temporary home, when a number of persons entering a house attracted his attention. He followed them, and there, wailing piteously, but safe was the tender waif. He caught up the infant, kissed it and cried: "Come home to mother."

I

Come home to mother, dear,—
Come home, heart's pride;—
Weep not, thy father's here
By thy loved side.
O, how she wept for thee,
Thinking thee dead,—
Thinking her darling one
Surely was dead!

Chorus—Come home to mother!
Come home to me,—
Come home to mother, dear,
Weeping for thee!

II.

Come, little wanderer,
To my strong arms,—
Father will shield thee
From Life's alarms.
Smile in thy tears, love,—
Nothing to fear;
Mother is waiting
And father is here.

Chorus—Come home, etc.

III.

Ah! the wee sunny eyes
Glowing at me,
With fondest, glad surprise.
Lovely to see.
Chewing so eagerly
Little white fist,—
Tender, sweet, darling one,
Begs to be kissed!

Chorus—Come home, etc.

IV.

When April's storm is o'er,
Beautiful light
Trips forth 'mid field and flower,—
Loveliest sprite!
Flinging her robe away
O! clouds and gloom;
Clothing herself in day—
Spring's softest bloom.

Chorus—Come home, etc.

V.

So mother's heart at rest
Sees the soft hair,
Lit by the golden West,
Float on the air.

Coming with joyful cry
Sees father bound;—
Thanks be to God this day—
Baby is found!

Chorus—Come home to mother!
Come home to me,—
Come home to mother, dear,
Smiling on thee!

Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER SIX.

THE LEVELLER'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"But how—" began the Headchainman, as Joe concluded his tale.

"No; don't ask him," interrupted Capt. Gardner. "Such an end to a story as that, is too artificial to deserve the enquiries it aims to excite. Don't ask him how he was resurrected."

"It's my call, anyhow," said Joe, "and I call on Capt. Gardner."

Here Tom, Joe's next neighbor, who had kept him quiet during the Cook's story, heaved a sigh of relief, and the Captain ejaculated "H'm!" But he knew there was no slinking the-call, and after scratching his head for a moment or so, he began:

"Some years ago, while I was living in San Francisco, a series of facts of a marvellous character came under my notice. Dr. Scallingham, one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, entered my office one morning with the haggard appearance of one who had evidently passed the previous night in anxious watching. Sitting down with an exhausted air, he remarked: 'Well, it is discovered at last!'

"What?" said I, looking up with surprise.

"Did you ever hear some individual, whose talents were rather below mediocrity, characterized as one who would never set the river on fire?"

"I think the expression sounds somewhat familiar," I replied.

"Well, there is a man now in San Francisco who can set the river—nay, the Pacific Ocean if he chooses,—on fire."

"I took another glance at the doctor to make sure that he was sane, but though his countenance betrayed fatigue, I could see no symptoms of anything worse. My astonishment, however, was so great that I could make no reply.

"Come to my office this evening about dark," said he, as he rose to go.

"I was punctual to the time and place. I found a large three-seated vehicle at the door, and a select number of personages, among whom were the mayor of San Francisco, and one or two skillful chemists, already assembled. They were all very serious in their demeanor, and few words beyond the ordinary commonplaces of greeting were exchanged. They appeared to be waiting for somebody.

"The expected soon arrived—a stranger to me, carelessly dressed, with hoary locks and a wild

and reckless eye. My idea of a wizard was fully exemplified in him.

"We all entered the conveyance, and were driven rapidly out of the city and into the wildest region of the surrounding country. At last, we found ourselves far from the neighborhood of any houses and in the vicinity of a desolate mountain lake, with barren, rocky shores.

"Here we all alighted, and directing Pete, our driver, to keep the horses at some distance and out of sight of the lake, we proceeded to approach its shores.

"Then the stranger stepped forward, and taking a phial from some repository among the rags that he wore, he held it up defiantly. It contained a white, pulverized, metallic solid.

"As much of this as will lie on the point of a penknife," said he, "will separate all the waters of this lake into their constituent gases, and cause the hydrogen to ignite and burn in the oxygen." So saying he opened the phial, took out the quantity he had designated, and flung it into the lake.

"A flash of light beneath the water illuminated the darkness of the night. Brilliant coruscations issuing from it in every direction spread throughout the whole lake. For a few moments the appearance of the water was splendid and dazzling beyond description, then the flames rose above the surface accompanied by volumes of dark vapor.

"Now fly—fly for your lives!" said the stranger, himself setting the example which we all followed. Having reached a safe distance we looked back. A column of lurid flame and dense vapor was rising to the zenith. The night being calm, no breath of wind disturbed its vertical course, till having reached the higher strata of clouds, it was dispersed among them. Bright scintillations shot hither and thither, but the mass of the column was dark. It was an awe-inspiring sight, but it lasted a very short time. In about ten minutes we were again able to approach the basin of the lake. It was thoroughly dry and the surrounding rocks were living and cracking with the heat.

"A moment of absolute silence, and then the stranger, no longer able to contain that exultation which is the effect of the sense of superior power, exclaimed: 'Now, judge ye,—was mine an idle boast?'

"None of us could find words to reply. We stood intently gazing upon the now dry basin of the mountain lake. The stranger pursued:

"In this phial there is enough to ignite the Pacific Ocean. Refuse my demands and its flaming billows shall roll over San Francisco—over California—over America—over the whole world. As for me,—retired within some deep cavern, whose springs will be too far down in the bosom of earth to suffer from the general conflagration, I will bide my time, until issuing forth, I will gloat alone over the ruin of empires and realize the poet's sublime ideal of the 'Last Man.'"

"He then proceeded to category his demands, which were chiefly pecuniary, and of a most exorbitant character—his cupidity extending to millions. In no humor to discuss the matter, we moved a return to the conveyance. Our trembling driver had had presence of mind sufficient to turn

the horses' heads away from the fire. He himself was oppressed with a vague sense of horror, not knowing the cause of the conflagration.

"Some days after this, a stranger was found murdered in a lonely mountain gorge near the city. His countenance was disfigured, but in his pocket was found a phial containing a dry metallic powder, which the discoverer emptied into a pool of water, and was surprised at the effect which followed. But no more was ever heard of the scheme to burn up the Pacific Ocean."

Capt. Gardner thus concluded, and Mr. Porter began a scientific commentary on the incidents of the narrative, during which most of the party fell asleep.

Many other tales were told in our camp that winter, but I have but a fragmentary recollection of the rest. The corps are now dispersed far and wide. Capt. Gardner has gone to Nevada to superintend a silver mine. Mr. Porter is preaching transcendentalism to a Boston audience. Joe is rapidly rising to the top of his profession, and is in charge of a division on a Southern Railroad. Henry is a sailor on the Lakes—captain of his craft. Fred is selling lager to the beer-loving folks of Oregon. Tom is still driving stakes. Billy is an agent for sewing machines, and Buck is keeping a restaurant in Kansas City. As for me, it will probably be many days before I again enjoy the wild pleasures of camping out.

Nevertheless, the dream of old times and old faces will sometimes haunt my pillow, and often will memory rehearse to the inward ear the tales that I heard long ago in the shadows of evening, surrounded by the bleak, wintry landscape, as we sat by the cheerful Camp-Fire.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

"TAKING UP."

We are not worst at once; the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stop the breach with clay;
But let the stream grow wider, and Philosophy—
Aye, and Religion too—may strive in vain
To stem the headlong current!—Anon.

With intense delight Eric heard it announced next morning, when the new school-list was read, that he had got his remove into the "Shell," as the form was called which intervened between the fourth and the fifth. Russell, Owen, and Montagu also got their removes with him, but his other friends were left for the present in the form below.

Mr. Rose, his new master, was in every respect a great contrast with Mr. Gordon. He was not so brilliant in his acquirements, nor so vigorous in his teaching, and therefore clever boys did not catch fire from him so much as from the fourth form master. But he was a far truer and deeper Christian; and, with no less scrupulous a sense of honor and detestation of every form of moral obliquity, he never yielded to those storms of passionate indignation which Mr. Gordon found it impossible to control. Disappointed in early life, subjected to the deepest and most painful trials, Mr. Rose's fine character had come out like gold from the flame. He now lived in and for the boys alone and his whole life was one long self-devotion to their service and interests. The boys felt this, and even the worst of them, in their worst moments, loved and honored Mr. Rose. But he was not

seeking for gratitude, which he neither expected nor required; he asked no affection in return for his self-denials; he worked with a pure spirit of human and self-sacrificing love, happy beyond all payment if ever he were instrumental in saving one of his charge from evil, or turning one wanderer from the error of his ways.

He was an unmarried man, and therefore took no boarders himself, but lived in the school-buildings, and had the care of the boys in Dr. Rowlands' house.

Such was the master under whom Eric was now placed, and the boy was sadly afraid that an evil report would have reached his ears, and given him already an unfavorable impression. But he was soon happily undeceived. Mr. Rose at once addressed him with much kindness, and he felt that, however bad he had been before, he would now have an opportunity to turn over a new leaf, and begin again a career of hope. He worked admirably at first, and even beat, for the first week or two, his old competitors, Owen and Russell.

From the beginning, Mr. Rose took a deep interest in him. Few could look at the boy's bright blue eyes and noble face without doing so, and the more when they knew that his father and mother were thousands of miles away, leaving him alone in the midst of so many dangers. Often the master asked him, and Russell and Owen, and Montagu, to supper with him in the library, which gave them the privilege of sitting up later than usual, and enjoying a more quiet and pleasant evening than was possible in the noisy rooms. Boys and master were soon quite at home with each other, and in this way Mr. Rose had an opportunity of instilling many a useful warning without the formality of regular discipline or stereotyped instruction.

Eric found the life of the "boarders' room" far rougher than he had expected. Work was out of the question there, except during the hours of preparation, and the long dark winter evenings were often dull enough. Sometimes, indeed, they would all join in some regular indoor boys' game like "baste the bear," or "high-cockolorum;" or they would have amusing "ghost-hunts," as they called them, after some dressed-up boy among the dark corridors and staircases. This was good enough fun, but at other times they got tired of games, and could not get them up, and then numbers of boys felt the idle time hang heavy on their hands. When this was the case, some of the worst sort, as might have been expected, would fill up their leisure with bullying or mischief.

For some time they had a form of diversion which disgusted and annoyed Eric exceedingly. On each of the long iron-bound deal tables were placed two or three tallow candles in tin candlesticks, and this was the only light the boys had. Of course these candles often wanted snuffing, and as snuffers were sure to be thrown about and broken as soon as they were brought into the room, the only resource was to snuff them with the fingers, at which all the boys became great adepts from necessity. One evening Barker, having snuffed the candle, suddenly and slyly put the smouldering wick unnoticed on the head of a little quiet inoffensive fellow named Wright, who happened to be sitting next to him. It went on smouldering for some time without Wright's perceiving it, and at last Barker, highly delighted, exclaimed:

"I see a chimney," and laughed.

Four or five boys looked up, and very soon every one in the room had noticed the trick except little Wright himself, who unconsciously toiled on at the letter he was sending home.

Eric did not like this; but not wishing to come across Barker again, said nothing, and affected not to have observed. But Russell said quietly, "There's something on your head, Wright," and the little boy, putting up his hand, hastily brushed off the horrid wick.

"What a shame," he said, as it fell on his letter, and made a smudge.

"Who told you to interfere?" said Barker, turning fiercely to Russell, who as usual, took not the slightest notice of him, and Barker, after a little more bluster, repeated the trick on another boy. This time Russell thought that every one might be on the look-out for himself, and so went on with his work. But when Barker again chanted maliciously:

"I see a chimney!" every boy who happened to be reading or writing, uneasily felt to discover whether this time he were himself the victim or no; and so things continued for half an hour.

Ridiculous and disgusting as this folly was, it became, when constantly repeated, very annoying. A boy could not sit down to any quiet work without constant danger of having some one creep up behind him and put the offensive fragment of smoking snuff on his head; and neither Barker nor any of his little gang of imitators seemed disposed to give up their low mischief.

One night, when the usual exclamation was made, Eric felt sure, from seeing several boys looking at him, that this time some one had been treating him in the same way. He indignantly shook his head, and sure enough the bit of wick popped off. Eric was furious, and, springing up, he shouted:

"By Jove! I won't stand this any longer."

"You'll have to sit it then," said Barker.

"Oh, it was you who did it, was it? Then take that!" and seizing one of the tin candlesticks, Eric hurled it at Barker's head. Barker dodged, but the edge of it cut open his eyebrow as it whizzed by, and the blood flowed fast.

"I'll kill you for that," said Barker, leaping at Eric, and seizing him by the hair.

"You'll get killed yourself then, you brute," said Upton, Russell's cousin, a fifth-form boy, who had just come into the room—and he boxed Barker's ears as a premonitory admonition. "But, I say, young un," continued he to Eric, "this kind of thing won't do, you know. You'll get into rows if you shy candlesticks at fellows' heads at that rate."

"He has been making the room intolerable for the last month by his filthy tricks," said Eric, hotly; "some one must stop him, and I will somehow, if no one else does."

"It wasnt I who put the thing on your head, you passionate young fool," growled Barker.

"Who was it then? how was I to know? You began it."

"You shut up, Barker," said Upton; "I've heard of your ways before, and when I catch you at your tricks, I'll teach you a lesson. Come up to my study, Williams, if you like."

Upton was a fine sturdy fellow of eighteen, immensely popular in the school for his prowess and good looks. He hated bullying, and often interfered to protect little boys, who accordingly idolized him, and did anything he told them very willingly. He meant to do no harm, but he did great harm. He was full of misdirected impulses, and had a great notion of being manly, which he thought consisted in a fearless disregard of all school rules, and the performance of the wildest tricks. For this reason he was never very intimate with his cousin Russell, whom he liked very much, but who was too scrupulous and independent to please him. Eric, on the other hand, was just the boy to take his fancy, and to admire him in return; his life, strength, and pluck, made him a ready pupil in all schemes of mischief, and Upton, who had often noticed him, would have been the first to shudder had he known how far his example went to undermine all Eric's lingering good resolutions, and injure permanently the boy of whom he was so fond.

From this time Eric was much in Upton's study, and constantly by his side in the play-ground. In

s spite of their disparity in age and position in the school, they became sworn friends, though their friendship was broken every now and then by little quarrels, which united them all the more closely after they had not spoken to each other perhaps for a week.

"Your cousin Upton has 'taken up' Williams," said Montagu to Russell one afternoon, as he saw the two strolling together on the beach, with Eric's arm in Upton's.

"Yes, I am sorry for it."

"So am I. We shan't see so much of him now."

"Oh, that's not my only reason," answered Russell, who had a rare habit of always going straight to the point.

"You mean you don't like the 'taking up' system."

"No, Montagu; I used once to have fine theories about it. I used to fancy that a big fellow would do no end of good to one lower in the school, and that the two would stand to each other in the relation of knight to squire. You know what the young knights were taught, Monty—to keep their bodies under, and bring them into subjection; to love God, and speak the truth always. That sounds very grand and noble to me. But when a big fellow takes up a little one *you* know pretty well that *those* are not the kind of lessons he teaches."

"No, Russell; you're quite right. It's bad for a fellow in every way. First of all, it keeps him in an unnatural sort of dependence; then ten to one it makes him conceited, and prevents his character from really coming out well. And besides, the young chap generally gets paid off in kicks and abuse from the jealousy and contempt of the rest; and if his protector happens to leave, or anything of that kind, woe betide him!"

"No fear for Eric in that line, though," said Russell; "he can hold his own pretty well against any one. And after all, he is a most jolly fellow. I don't think even Upton would spoil him; it's chiefly the soft self-indulgent fellows, who are all straw and no iron, who get spoilt by being 'taken up.'"

Russell was partly right. Eric learnt a great deal of harm from Upton, and the misapplied hero-worship led to bad results. But he was too manly a little fellow, and had too much self-respect, to sink into the effeminate condition which usually grows on the young delectables who have the misfortune to be "taken up."

Nor did he in the least drop his old friends, except Owen. Coolness grew up between the latter and Eric, not unmixed with a little mutual contempt. Eric sneered at Owen as a fellow who did nothing but grind all day long, and had no geniality in him; while Owen pitied the love of popularity which so often led Eric into delinquencies, which he himself despised. Owen had indeed but few friends in the school; the only boy who knew him well enough to respect and like him thoroughly was Russell, who found in him the only one who took the same high ground with himself. But Russell loved the good in every one, and was loved by all in return, and Eric he loved most of all, while he often mourned over his increasing failures.

One day as the two were walking together in the green playground, Mr. Gordon passed by; and as the boys touched their caps, he nodded and smiled pleasantly at Russell, but hardly noticed, and did not return Eric's salute. He had begun to dislike the latter more, and had given him up altogether as one of the reprobates. Barker, who happened to pass at the same moment, received from him the same cold glance that Eric had received.

"What a surly devil that is," said Eric, when he had passed; "did you see how he purposely cut me!"

"A surly . . . ? Oh Eric, that's the first time I ever heard you swear."

Eric blushed. He hadn't meant the word to slip out in Russell's hearing, though similar and worse expressions were common enough in his talk with other boys. But he didn't like to be reproved even by Russell, and in the ready spirit of self-defence, he answered:

"Pooh, Edwin, you don't call that swearing, do you? You're so strict, so religious, you know. I love you for it, but then, there are none like you. Nobody thinks anything of swearing here,—even of *real* swearing, you know."

Russell was silent.

"Besides, what can be the harm of it? it means nothing. I was thinking the other night, and I made out that you and Owen are the only two fellows here who don't swear."

Russell still said nothing.

"And, after all, I didn't swear; I only called that fellow a *surly devil*."

"Oh, hush! Eric, hush!" said Russell sadly. "You wouldn't have said so half a year ago."

Eric knew what he meant. The image of his father and mother rose before him, as they sat far away in their lonely Indian home, thinking of him, praying for him, centering all their hopes in him. In him!—and he knew how many things he was daily doing and saying, which would cut them to the heart. He knew that all his moral consciousness was fast vanishing, and leaving him a bad and reckless boy.

In a moment all this passed through his mind. He remembered how shocked he had been at swearing at first; and even when it became too familiar to shock him, how he determined never to fall into the habit himself. Then he remembered how gradually it had become quite a graceful sound in his ears; a sound of entire freedom and independence of moral restraint; an open casting off, as it were, of all authority, so that he had begun to admire it, particularly in Duncan, and above all, in his new hero, Upton; and he recollects how, at last, an oath had one day slipped out suddenly in his own words, and how strange it sounded to him, and how Upton smiled to hear it, though conscience had reproached him bitterly; but now that he had done it once, it became less dreadful, and gradually grew common enough, till even conscience hardly reminded him that he was doing wrong.

He thought of all this, and hung his head. Pride struggled with him for a moment, but at length he answered, "O Edwin, you're quite right, and I'm all in the wrong as usual. But I shall never be like you," he added in a low sad tone.

"Dear Eric, don't think that I'm always sermonizing because I really don't mean to be; but do let me say that you will be so much happier, if you try not to yield to all the bad things round us. Remember, I know more of school than you."

The two boys strolled on silently. That night Eric knelt at his bedside, and prayed as he had not done for many a long day.

And here let those scoff who deny "the sinfulness of little sins;" but I remember the words of one who wrote, that

"The most childish thing which man can do,
Is yet a sin which Jesus never did.
When Jesus was a child,—and yet a sin
For which in lowly pain he came to die;
That for the *bravest* sin that e'er was praised
The King Eternal wore the crown of thorns."

THREE men were comparing notes on "tater bugs." One says:

"There is two bugs to every stalk."

A second says:

"They have cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up."

"Pshaw," said the third, "you don't know anything about it. I passed a seed-store the other day, and the bugs were in there looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

Religious Ceremonies

AT ST. LAURENT, NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA CO.,
OCTOBER 20, 1871.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC, *Notre Dame*:—Besides the common bond of unity existing between all Catholic colleges, we, the students of St. Laurent claim a sort of relationship with our brethren of Notre Dame, our college being under the direction of the priests and brothers of the same order of "Holy Cross." The Very Rev. Father General, when here in September, addressed us as his children—we are proud of the title, and shall endeavor to deserve to be called by this endearing appellation. For these reasons I presume your readers may feel some interest in our doings in this remote corner.

On Sunday, the 15th inst., we closed our retreat of a few days by a general Communion. All seemed deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, and the faces of many beamed with a holy joy when returning from the table of the Lord.

At 8 A. M., the silvery-toned bell called us again to the college chapel. The grand altar was richly and tastefully ornamented. Around and above, up to the ceiling, every available space was occupied by beautiful variegated lamps, shedding a mysterious light on the sombre sanctuary. The altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were similarly decorated. The venerable Bishop of Montreal Monseigneur Bourget, proceeded to the vestibule of the chapel to administer solemn Baptism to an adult. The recipient was Mr. George W. Hurd of the city of New York, who had been preparing himself for some time for entrance into the one fold of the one Shepherd. He took the additional name of Joseph whom he chose as his model and patron. Towards the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Bishop invested him with a long, white satin robe, and whilst the happy neophyte kept before him, his lordship addressed him in words full of fervor and paternal affection—exhorting him to preserve the baptismal robe of innocence unsullied to the last moment of his life. He then, with several other pupils, received the Sacrament of Confirmation, whereby they were strengthened to suffer, and, like good soldiers of Christ, even to die, if necessary, for the faith.

During the ceremonies the choir sang some beautiful canticles accompanied by the melodious tones of the organ. The bishop then vested for the Holy Sacrifice, during which Messrs Edward E. Labbe S.S.C. and Paul La Rochelle S.S.C. received the Minor Orders; Rev. Edward Meahan S.S.C. and Rev. E. Martin of Hartford Conn. were promoted to the order of Deaconship, and the Holy Order of priesthood was conferred on the Rev. C. Ethier S.S.C. His lordship explained in clear and forcible terms the vital importance of the Sacrament of Holy Orders which infuses life into the Church, giving her ministers to perpetuate the glorious mission entrusted by Christ to His Apostles. During the Mass, our neophyte and two others had the happiness of receiving the Holy Communion for the first time. The ceremonies lasted over four hours, but no one complained of fatigue, so deeply interested were all in what was passing in the sanctuary. All were then invited by the superior, Rev. Father Beaudet, S.S.C. to a splendid banquet, and you may rest assured, the students did ample justice to the good things set before them.

In the afternoon addresses were delivered to the Bishop in the grand parlor in French by Mr. Azarie Brodeur of Varenne near Montreal, and in English by Mr. M. McGarry of Halifax, N. S.

His lordship replied in a few appropriate words. There is something fascinating in the sweetness and affability of his manner, that leaves a most pleasing impression on those who have the happiness of hearing him. Thus passed a day that will long be remembered by the students of St. Laurent as one of the happiest of their lives.

Written by M. J. Moriarty

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Dramatic Performances.

We have always been in favor of plays. Say what you please, boys and young men are more bashful, have more of the *mauvaise honte*, and are consequently more awkward, than girls and young ladies, and they require some kind of a bringing out,—and we know of no better than to give them parts in a play. It is crushing to give a modest young man, who has ability and everything else except brains, a speech to speak all alone and to put him on a platform where he has to appear before an admiring audience, and to stand the fire of all their eyes; but give the same young man his role in a play, in which he appears *incognito*, not in his own character but in one that he has taken pains to learn, and he is perfectly cool, for even if he does not succeed, he does not lose his own character, but merely spoils the character he has assumed. Besides he does not appear alone, he has not the whole burthen to bear; he is aided by others who appear with him; he has not to keep continually before the public; and if he finds his courage failing, he bears up under the knowledge that the curtain is soon to fall, and that he will have five or fifteen minutes to recruit himself before he reappears.

It is on this account, for one reason, that we like plays. It gives a cold-bloodedness and calmness even to the most nervous, that they can rarely acquire otherwise.

Besides, we think plays highly moral. They are moral,—when good plays,—because they can teach lessons in a most agreeable manner, and the lesson is more firmly impressed upon the mind than it could be done even in a sermon.

The plays are moral when well-selected, as they are at the College here. We need say nothing more on the subject.

The lesson is more firmly impressed upon the mind because the imagination is captivated, the sense of sight and that of hearing are captivated, and the intellect is subdued while, of course, the heart is swayed, is carried along by the ideas of the play writer.

Consequently, as far as young men are concerned, we are in favor of the drama.

Give us, Thespians and St. Cecilians, as many plays as possible.

A FEW drops of rain fell on the morning of the 25th. A good shower cheered us on the morning of the 26th.

ACCOUNTS from Wisconsin are cheering. We hope soon to have Rev. Fathers Lemonnier and Brown with us again. They will be welcome.

HON. T. CORCORAN made a short stay in the College last week. Our old fellow-student was not only re-elected Senator from the Cincinnati district, but ran ahead of his party's ticket.

MR. JOHN P. LAUTH did us the pleasure of calling in our sanctum. He is one of those who were "burnt out," and the narration of his experience during the fire in Chicago was deeply interesting.

THE fog, combined with smoke, on Monday, and especially Tuesday, was enough to "discourage" anyone. Even printers, who are proverbially even-tempered, except over their "pi," were somewhat vexed by it.

OUR old friend, Dr. Hallinan, received us most cordially in Lafayette last week, and Father Hamilton showed himself then, as he always is, the soul of hospitality. We regret we could not tarry longer with them.

OUR neighbors in South Bend, it is reported, were again threatened with a conflagration from the approaching flames of the Kankakee swamps. Level heads and willing arms preserved the city from the threatening danger.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY is not far distant, and yet we have heard nothing of what the St. Cecilians intend doing in honor of their Patroness. However, we are quite calm, and not at all excited, as we know that they are always up to the level of the circumstances.

BROTHERS Bernard, Adolphus, Nazarius, and Barnabas, with whom we had the pleasure of spending an evening in their fine Academy building, in Lafayette, are in pretty good health; though some of them were afflicted withague they have wisely resolved to shake it off.

WE were greatly pleased to receive the communication from the College of St. Laurent, which will be found in this number of the SCHOLASTIC, and we would be still more pleased if "Alumnus" could find time to write every week and give us news of our Canadian *confrères*.

WE had the pleasure of hearing *The Trumpet*. It sounded quite musicaly, as read by the editress, although there were some passages—rather obscure to us, we confess—which required all the melody of the reader's voice to cover up the want of harmony, we might almost say lack of charity, evinced by them. But these pa-sages were few, and, most likely, we were not capable of catching the real *animus*, which was doubtless most Christian. Among the serious pieces, one entitled "God's Acre" was very good, and we can find no hing wherein to hang an adverse criticism, unless we were to object to the length of a quotation from Addison, and, on consideration, we do now object, as we did, without reflection, at the time we heard it read. The amount of talent and wit which *The Trumpet* proclaimed was highly creditable to the editress and co-contributors. We hope this is not the Last Trumpet, and that we shall again hear its melodious sounds.

WE are by no means a lover of Base-Ball playing; we never had a thumb put out of joint, nor our nose broken by a bat, nor an eye blackened,—in fact, we have never enjoyed any of the pleasures of the game, and, consequently, are not enthusiastic over it. But it is certainly a pleasure to watch the Minims at the game. They enter upon it with such zest; the pitcher sends the ball with such vim; the striker blazes away at the coming ball with such recklessness, and the catcher is so spry in getting at every ball that passes him! Then the little fellows out in the field! They stand motionless, with wide-straddled legs, each like a young colossus of Rhodes that had been planted there to grow.

We saw those same young fellows at another game, a few days ago, which we much prefer to Base-Ball. They were much excited over a game of Foot-Ball. That is the kind of game to bring life into all; and though it may be at times rather trying to the temper of those who get their shins kicked, yet the rush and excitement and general exercise taken by all, are qualities of the game that make it far superior to Base-Ball.

THE St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association return their sincere thanks to Hon. T. A. Corcoran and O. H. Rensis for their kindness in presenting to the Association a volume entitled "Ohio Geological Survey." The Hon. Mr. Corcoran was for several years an energetic member of the Association, as the minute books of other days will testify.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.

October 20—D. Maloney, J. J. Kinney, T. Hansard, T. P. White, P. O'Meara, F. W. Leffingwell, J. McGlynn, R. J. Curren, J. E. Shanahan, T. Renshaw.

JUNIOR DEPT.

October 20—E. Newton, A. Kline, G. Juif, E. Roberts, W. Kelly, J. Caren, F. Devoto, P. Cooley, J. Fisher, C. Kimball, H. Schwab.

D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

October 22nd—E. McMahon, S. McMahon, G. Voelker, E. Raymond, T. Nelson.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

E. P. Cleary,	Chicago, Illinois.
W. Beck,	Chicago, Illinois.
C. Beck,	Chicago, Illinois.
Edward J. Hughes,	Chicago, Illinois.

Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year.—T. Ireland, M. Keeley, M. Mahony, J. McHugh, J. Shanahan.

Third Year.—J. McGlynn, M. Foote.

Second Year.—J. P. White.

First Year.—W. Clarke, F. Chamberlain, P. Fitzpatrick, C. Gamache, T. Watson, L. Hayes, C. Dodge.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year.—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Second Year.—T. Dunlop, G. Darr, P. O'Connell, S. Dum, R. Curran.

First Year.—P. Leffingwell, F. Murphy, C. M. Proctor, W. Breen, M. Kelly.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year.—J. Staley, W. Smith, C. Hutchings, R. Lange, B. Luhn, F. McOske, L. McOske, J. Stubbs, C. Butler, J. Crumney, J. E. Carr, W. Fletcher, D. F. Gahan, E. Newton, B. Roberts, J. Wuest, J. Ward, J. McFarland, J. Spillard.

First Year.—J. Bowen, E. Barry, H. Dehner, C. Hodgson, P. O'Meara, T. Phillips, C. Parson, R. Staley, J. Smirr, F. Whitney, Sydney Ashton, F. Egan, W. Kelly, F. Phaton, O. Waterman, H. Waldorf, J. Darmody, E. Wollman,

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—First Division.—J. Hogan, H. Hubbard, J. Rourke, Jos. Walsh, C. Salisbury, E. Sheehan, D. Maloney, F. Arantz, A. Dickerhoff, L. Hibben, J. Kilcoin.

First Year—Second Division.—T. Badeux, J. Devine, J. A. Roberts, F. Williams, F. Devoto, E. Daugherty, J. Dunn, J. Davis, E. Howland, P. Jacobs, A. Klein, J. Kaufmann, W. Myers, F. McDonald, F. Ready, E. Roberts, R. Redmond, A. Schawb, H. Hunt, T. Renshaw, F. Anderson, H. Beckman, W. Bell, J. Caren, W. Edmunds, J. McMahon, E. Ottenville, E. Olwill, D. O'Connell, J. Pumphrey, E. Plumber, F. Sweger, C. St. Clair, H. Shephard, H. Clark.

First Year.—M. Baily, J. Bell, J. Comar, Jos. Doud, P. Fisher, E. Graves, T. Fitzpatrick, Thos. Hansard, F. B. Hamilton, J. Kenney, J. Karst, P. P. Logue, W. Morris, P. Hennessey, E. Halpin, G. Juif, J. Juif, C. Karst, R. Kelley, H. W. Long,

F. Livingston, Milburn, F. Miller, F. Moor, W. Murphy, L. Munn, W. M. Vigin, E. Shuster, E. Asher, J. Birdsell, F. Bauer, B. Blackman, C. Bloomfield, W. Burns, J. Dore, H. Eancking, E. Edwards, E. Forester, G. Gross, J. Graham, E. Gault, W. O'Brien, T. O'Neill, S. Noonan, G. Page, J. Pratt, A. Paquin, E. Poe, W. Quinlan, W. Quin, S. Rist, F. Sig, F. Smith, J. Sherley, O. Tong, J. Werner, W. Moran, J. Burnside, J. Chelock.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

CATECHISM.

First Class—E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh, T. Nelson.

Second Class—G. Voelker, E. McMahon, S. McMahon, W. Dee.

Third Class—J. O'Meara.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART I (CONCLUDED).

Do you desire to change the common nature of that which is beautiful and good? it is not in our power; if it were, then oh Cain! it would be a lamentable power to resist those tender impressions and noble joys which encapture our souls in ecstasy. The rolling thunder and the awful midnight storm give no smiles to the cheeks, and from the impetuosity of the soul and the tumult of ungovernable passions no joy can spring.

Cain answered:

"Must you always pursue me with these gloomy reproaches, whenever agreeable smiles do not play around my lips, or tender tears do not course down my cheeks? Can you find nothing but hateful vice in my manly earnestness? Being more manly I have always selected the boldest undertakings and the hardest work; I cannot command this earnestness upon my brow to dissolve into tears and sweet smiles. Shall the eagle coo like a gentle dove?"

Now with majestic sternness painted on his brow Adam answered:

"Will you deceive yourself? will you conceal from yourself your misery which you should combat? oh Cain, it is not manly earnestness that speaks from your brow; grief and discontent now speak, and these have enveloped all around you in sad gloom. Whence else this grumbling at your work, this unfriendly behavior towards all of us? At what are you dissatisfied? could we, oh could we remove your cause of complaint and make your happiness bright, bright as a spring-morning, then our most ardent desire would be filled. But Cain! what does your restlessness want? Are not all sources of happiness open to you? does not all nature offer to you its splendor? is not every happiness and every pleasure, which nature and reason and virtue offer to us, also offered to you? but you pass all this by, you leave it unenjoyed and then murmur at your misery! Or are you dissatisfied with the portion of happiness which eternal goodness has vouchsafed to fallen mortals? or do you desire the happiness of the angels? Remember that angels have become dissatisfied: they wished to be gods and thus deprived themselves of heaven. Are you murmuring at divine Providence which most wisely directs the fate of the sinner? A creature, a mortal, a worm will dare to raise its head from the dust and murmur at him, whose nod governs the heavens, whose goodness all creatures announce, before whose eye the whole labyrinth of our fate lies open, what is and what shall be, and how good shall spring from impudent evil! Oh cheer up, my son! my first-born! let not grief and discontent darken for you every bright prospect, and conceal from you every source of happiness!"

"Why these exhortations?" spoke Cain anxiously, "could I cheer up, oh then, everything around me must smile, must be serene like the morning. Can

I command the storm to cease raging and the impetuous torrent to stand still? I am born for misery, the largest share of the curse the Lord has poured on the natal-hour of the first-born. Those springs of pleasure and happiness from which you draw do not flow for me."

Tears now flowed from the eyes of the father as he spoke:

"Ah my son! Yes the curse has befallen all born of woman. But why should the Lord have poured a greater curse upon the natal-hour of the first-born than he poured upon us when we sinned? He did not Cain. You are not created for misery, the Lord calls no creature forth from nothing, to pure misery. It is true, man can be come miserable by neglecting his happiness. When reason lies prostrate in the tumult of raging passions, and impure, ungovernable desires, then man becomes miserable, and every seeming happiness is deceitful misery. You cannot command the storm to cease raging nor the impetuous torrent to stand still; but you can recall your reason from darkness that it light up your soul—reason can command the tumult to cease, it can examine every wish, every desire, every upstarting passion; then all idle wishes and vain desires will disappear like the morning fog before the sun. I have seen it, Cain; tears of joy have I seen upon your cheeks, whenever your reason approved a noble action, then joy penetrated your whole soul. Is it not so, Cain? were you not happy then? was not your soul bright then, bright like the cloudless sun? Call back your reason, and then virtue, its companion, will bring back into your heart every joy, and every spring of happiness will flow towards you. Most beloved! listen to my exhortations! The first thing for you to do is to go to your brother and embrace him; his joy will know no bounds, he will press you to his heart and will melt into tears from joy."

"I will embrace him," said Cain, "when I return from my fields; now, work is awaiting me. I will embrace him; but . . . my manly soul will never become accustomed to such effeminate weakness, weakness which makes him so loved and which draws from you so many tears of joy—tears which have brought a curse upon us all, when you in Paradise, too, easily moved by tears . . . But, wretch that I am! I was almost going to reproach you. I honor you, father, and am silent."

Thus spoke Cain, and returned to his labor.

Adam stood by, sad and weeping, wringing his hands over his head. "Oh, Cain! Cain!" thus he called out to him, "even you reproach me! Yes, I deserve reproaches! Still, you should spare your father's feelings, and not make reproaches which, like rolling thunder, cause my soul to tremble. Ah, poor wretch that I am! Thus will,—terrible, awful presentiment—thus will my posterity after wall swing in the mire of sin and receiving punishment therfor, stand over my ashes and heap curses upon the first sinner!"

Thus spoke Adam, and he returned from the field, sad and with downcast look. Often he looked sighing towards heaven, and wrung his hands in agony.

Cain was looking at him, and now broke forth: "How pitifully he wrings his hands! How sad he is, and how he sighs! . . . I have made him reproaches,—gaawing, tormenting reproaches,—him, the good, pious father! Whither is my raying leading me? A hell rages within me! Yes, I am the cause of all their tormenting cares! I embitter, I blast all their fond hopes and joys! Ah, wretch that I am! I am not worthy to dwell among men,—among the wild beasts of the forest I should dwell! Already he is far off, and yet I hear his sighs. How he totters along, oppressed with grief! Shall I hurry after him and embrace his knees, and, by all that is holy, beg his pardon? Yes . . . I perceive my misery does not come from without; in my own heart do these dark,

dim storm-clouds originate, and drive away all joy from me—from them. Oh, reason! Oh, virtue, return! arise from this raging tumult and extinguish this hell which is burning in my soul! Look! yonder stands my father still as if fainting; he seems to pray with uplifted hands—I will run to him and throw myself at his feet in the dust. Oh, wretch that I am!"

Cain now hurried to his father, who was feebly leaning against a tree, sad, bent down, weeping; the spectacle sent a thrill through the heart of the son; he fell down before him in the dust; seized his knees, and with tears bursting from his eyes, he looked up to the father and said:

"Forgive me, father! . . . Yet I am not worthy to call you father, worthy only that you turn away from me with disdain! But look, oh look at these tears of my repentance; look at me miserable, and forgive! . . . Miserable man that I am! I was deaf to all your entreaties and exhortations; but when you, father, left, weeping and wringing your hands, then a horror seized my soul and dragged it out of its slough, and now . . . I weep at your feet! I see all my wickedness, the desolation of my inmost soul, and I beg, father . . . beg pardon of God, of you, of my brother, of all whom I have offended!"

"Arise, Cain, my son, arise that I may embrace you," stammered the astonished father, while he fervently pressed him to his heart. "He who dwells in the heavens looks with delight upon these your tears, my son! my beloved! Embrace me! . . . Oh, how has my grief been changed into joy! Joyful blessed hour in which my son, my first-born restores to us again peace, rest, and every tender joy, in which he, with such tears, embraces me! My son, my great joy intoxicates me—but let us not delay, beloved; let us go that your brother may embrace you."

They were about to search for Abel in the pasture, when he, by the side of his mother, and accompanied by Methala and Thirza, hurried forth from the thicket. They had secretly followed Adam, to view the scene from the sheltering thicket. Abel rushed with open arms at Cain, embraced him, pressed him to his heart, and wept; he could not express his delight.

"My brother! my brother!" at last he exclaimed, "you love me! Let me—oh let me hear it from your own lips! You love me . . . Oh unspeakable joy!"

"Yes, brother, I love you," answered Cain, embracing him. "Can you, oh can you all forgive me my offences? Can you forgive, that I have for so long a time driven away rest from you; that I have brought upon you such grief and dejection? My soul has risen like lightning from darkness, and has scattered this raging storm; this weed which has choked every good in my bosom has been trodden under foot, and it shall never spring up. Pardon me, brother, and forget to look back into the gloomy darkness of the past!"

Abel, full of tenderness, quickly replied: "All is forgotten, do you also forget the past. Should we not forget the grief of a light morning dream when we awake to find a fine spring morning smiling upon us full of joy and delight? Oh, Cain! Cain! could I tell you half of my joy and ecstasy! But I am mute, I cannot speak, I can only weep, only press you to my heart and weep."

Whilst the brothers were thus embracing each other, Eve, with tears of joy, stood looking at the scene, and now exclaimed: "Oh, children! dearest children! what I now experience I have never before experienced, never since you, my first-born, first pronounced the sweet name of mother; huge, oppressing mountains have quickly rolled from my heart, and joyfulness and delight now surround me. Now the hours will pass away, each one encircled with joy. Peace and harmony exist now among those who have been suckled at my breast. Yes, I am like a fruitful vine that bears sweet grapes.

Embrace once more, my children, embrace! And now come, I will kiss away the tear from your cheeks, the tear which brotherly love has poured upon your cheeks." Thus she spoke, and, full of unspeakable delight, embraced her sons. Also Mehalah and Thirza embraced them with tender affection. Then Cain's beloved spoke to her sister:

"Come, dearest. Oh, what joy! Let this day be a festive day; let us go; we shall scatter the most beautiful flowers in the grove upon the festive board; the finest fruits which our trees and bushes have, we shall gather; this day shall be to us like a day in paradise: it shall pass in joy and mirth."

Now they hurried away to the trees and bushes and to the fruitful fields, joy lending wings to their feet. Cain and Abel, with their hands joined, went towards the hill, Adam and Eve, full of the tenderest joy, accompanied them. When they arrived the sisters had already ornamented the table in the shady grove with manifold fruits, intermingled with fragrant flowers—a magnificent medley of splendor, color, and lovely fragrance. They sat down to the meal, joy and cheerfulness and agreeable conversation soon introduced the quiet evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Astronomy.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

In this interval however, the science was not wholly neglected. Nonius in particular wrote several valuable treatises on Astronomy and Navigation, and invented some useful instruments, more accurate than those known before. One of them being the astronomical quadrant on which he divided the degrees into minutes by a number of concentric circles.

Apian also in 1540, wrote a book called the "Cæsarian Astronomy" in which he shows how to observe the places of the stars and planets by the astrolabe, to resolve astronomical problems by means of certain instruments and to predict and calculate eclipses. Gemma Frisius who lived about this time is likewise deserving of notice, as being the first who recommended time-keepers for finding the longitude at sea.

The history of science also about this epoch offers us a great number of practical astronomers. One of the most illustrious of whom was William IV Landgrave of Hesse-Castle, who built an observatory in that city, and furnished it with a number of the best instruments to be got at that time, with which he made his own observations. He also attached to himself the celebrated astronomers Rothman and Justus Bergius, and with their help formed a catalogue of 400 stars with their latitudes and longitudes, adapted to the beginning of the year 1593. It was also from his preserving solicitations that Tycho Bache, one of the greatest observers that ever existed, procured the advantages he enjoyed under Frederic II king of Denmark.

This excellent Danish astronomer, who was born at Kunstrup in the County of Schonen in 1546, began to manifest his taste for this science at the early age of 14. An eclipse of the Sun which happened in 1560 first attracted his attention, and the justness of the calculations which announced this phenomenon inspired him with a strong desire of understanding the principle upon which they were founded. But meeting with some opposition from his tutor and some of his family to these pursuits, which probably served more to increase his attachment to them, he made a journey into Germany where he formed connections, and entered into a correspondence with some of the most eminent astronomers of that country, especially with the landgrave of Hesse, who received him in the most flattering manner, and recommended him to the

notice of his Sovereign. Becoming by this means better known on his return to Denmark, Frederick the II gave him the little island of Huen, at the entrance of the Baltic Sea, where he built an observatory under the name of Uraniburg, and in which during the course of twenty years he made a prodigious number of observations.

His tranquillity however in this happy retreat was at length interrupted, for soon after the death of Frederick in 1596, he was deprived through the aspersions of some malevolent persons of his pension and establishment, and was not even allowed to follow his pursuits in Copenhagen, a minister of that time of the name of Walchendrop,—let it be always remembered with execration—having forbid him to continue his observations. Happily however, he found a powerful protector in the Emperor Rodolphus the II who ordered him to be properly provided for at his own expense, and gave him a commodious house in Prague. After residing in this city till 1601, he died suddenly in the midst of his labors at the age of 55, when he was still able to render great service to Astronomy.

This great man as is well known, was the inventor of a kind of semi-Ptolemaic system of astronomy, that was afterwards called by his name, and which he vainly attempted to establish instead of the Copernican system. But though he did not succeed in his wishes, he has been of great use to astronomy, by his numerous discoveries. Among other things, he was well acquainted with the nature of refractions, and hence he was able to determine the places of a great number of fixed stars, with an accuracy unknown to former times. He also proved against the opinion which then prevailed, that the comets are higher than the Moon, and from his observations on this and the rest of the planets, he theories of their motions were afterwards corrected and improved, so that these services will always be celebrated and esteemed by Astronomers.

Tycho Bache, in the latter part of his life, had for his disciple and assistant, Kepler, who was born in 1571 at Wiel, in the county of Wirtemburg, and was one of those rare characters that appear in the world only at particular times, to prepare the way for new and important discoveries. Like his master Tycho, he appears to have attached himself to the science at a very early age, and if it is the privilege of genius to change received ideas, and to announce truths which have never before been discovered, he may justly be considered as one of the greatest men that had yet appeared. Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe and even Copernicus himself, were indebted for a great part of their knowledge to the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Indians, who were then masters of this science, but Kepler by his own talents and industry, has made discoveries of which no traces are to be found in the annals of antiquity.

The philosophers, the most useful to the science is he who to a profound imagination unites a scrupulous judgment, and though ardently desirous to elevate himself to the cause of the phenomena is equally apprehensive that he may be mistaken in that which he assigns to them. Kepler owed to nature the first of these advantages and the second to Tycho Brahe, who perceived his genius and advised him to abandon his attachment to the mysterious analogies of figures and numbers to which he was then addicted, and to attend more closely to facts and their consequences. This appears to have had its proper effect, and Tycho dying a few years afterwards, Kepler was put in possession of his collection of observations, which he employed to the most useful purposes, having founded upon them three of the most important discoveries that have been made in natural philosophy.

It was an opposition of Mars, which determined him to occupy himself in preference upon the motions of this planet, and being then strongly attached to the platonic system as modified by

Tycho Brahe, as well as the opinion which had generally been received, that all the celestial motions must be perfectly circular and uniform; he endeavored for a long time to represent those of Mars according to this hypothesis. At length, however, after many trials of this kind, which he has given in detail in a treatise called *Stella Martis*, he discovered that the orbit of Mars is an ellipse, of which the sun is placed in the *foci*, and that the planet moves in it in such a manner that the *radius vector*, or a line drawn from the centre of the sun to that of the planet, describes areas proportional to the times. This law he afterwards extended to all the planets, and in 1626, he published according to his theory his Rudolphine tables, which will be forever memorable in astronomy, as being the first that were ever founded on the true laws of planetary motion.

It is here worthy of remark that without the speculations of the Greek mathematicians upon the curves formed by the sections of a cone, it is highly probable that we should yet have remained ignorant of some of the most curious and important laws of nature. The ellipse being one of these curves, its lengthened figure suggested to the mind of Kepler the idea that the planet Mars, whose orbit he had found to be more oval than circular, might possibly move in it, and soon after by means of the numerous properties which the ancient geometers had discovered of the conic sections, he assured himself of the truth of this hypothesis. The history of the science affords many examples of this kind of application of geometry, and of the advantages attending it, for everything in the immense chain of truth is connected, and frequently a single observation of apparently trifling consequences, has led to a more intimate knowledge of nature.

The perception of this truth was probably what first gave rise to the mysterious analogies of the Pythagorians, and Kepler who had indulged himself in researches of this kind, was indebted to it for one of his most brilliant discoveries. Being persuaded that the mean distance of the planets from the sun ought to be conformable to these analogies, he compared them for a long time, both with the properties of the five regular bodies and with the notes of music. At length, after seventeen years of meditation and calculation, having had the idea of comparing them with the powers of the numbers by which they are expressed, he found that the squares of the times of the revolutions of the planets, are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun, and that the same law applies equally to their satellites.

Astronomy is likewise indebted to Kepler for several other discoveries, which though not equal to the former are still of considerable importance. He believed that it was the attraction of the moon that caused the flux and reflux of the ocean, and he had so far an insight into the general law of gravitation as to suspect that the irregularities of the lunar motions were occasioned by the combined action of the earth and sun. In his work on Optics he has also explained the mechanism of vision which was before unknown, and in another work he has explained his views on the nature of infinities, which has considerable influence on the revolution that geometry underwent about the end of the last century.

It is affecting to relate that this great man, who may be considered as the founder of modern Astronomy, had his last days embittered by the horrors of poverty and distress. A small pension, which was scarcely sufficient for his support, was frequently withheld or unpaid, and the trouble and vexation which this occasioned him, shortened his existence. He died on the fifteenth of November, 1631, in the sixtieth year of his age, leaving nothing for his wife and family but the glory of his name and the fame he had so

justly acquired, but as these were insufficient to relieve his own wants, they could afford but little comfort to a helpless wife and her wretched children, whose indigence, it is said, was such, that they had not even the common necessities of life.

In the time of Kepler there were not wanting several other proficients in Astronomy. Edward Wright made several good meridian observations of the sun with a quadrant of six feet radius, in the years 1594-5-6, from which he improved the theory of the sun's motion, and computed his declination more accurately than had been done before. He also published in 1599 an excellent work, entitled "Certain errors in Navigation discovered and detected," containing a new method of projecting maps and charts, which has commonly, though erroneously, been ascribed to Mercator. The science is also greatly indebted to Baron Napier, of Scotland, not only for his ever-memorable invention of Logarithms, which has so wonderfully facilitated the business of calculations, but for some excellent theorems and improvements in spherics. About this time, likewise, Bayer, a German, published his "Uranometria," or complete celestial atlas, containing the figures of all the constellations visible in Europe, into which he introduced the highly-useful invention of marking the stars by their names, or the letters of the Greek alphabet, which renders them so easy to be referred to with distinctness and precision.

J. F.

Politics in College.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The political spirit which is now agitating the body politic through the republic, has of late been making itself felt even here within our peaceful College walls.

A few of the more patriotic students, deeply imbued with this national spirit, have given full expression to their political sentiments and convictions in the discussion of a question that recently came up for debate before the St. Edward's Literary Association—namely:

Resolved, That there should be a third political party, based on temperance.

Considering the vital importance of the question itself, and the ample time given for preparation on the part of each disputant, all expected a brilliant debate, and in this their anticipations were fully realized. The discussion on the part of the affirmative was opened by Mr. O'Mahony in an able manner. Defining the question at issue, and stating his position, he proceeded in a clear and logical train of reasoning to substantiate them by an ably-written and well-delivered argument. The Democratic and Republican parties had outlived their usefulness, and had become corrupt from core to surface; hence, he contended, individual safety, public security, and national prosperity demanded a speedy regeneration in American politics, at the hands of God-fearing, law-abiding men, who would replace in offices of honor and trust, those corrupt and selfish cormorants who are preying upon the vitals of our country.

He was followed by your correspondent who, spoke in defence of the negative, maintaining that the reformation which the question proposed would be barren of all beneficial results, and fail to meet the exigencies of the moment.

Mr. W. Clark, the next speaker on the affirmative, yielded the floor to Mr. Coffey. Mr. Mitchell closed the discussion in behalf of the negative. His words were few, but nevertheless embodying some pithy and incontrovertible arguments. Mr. T. Mahoney closed the debate.

The interest which centres around the question, the thorough preparation and evident mastery of the subject, the knowledge displayed in the argumentation, all combined to render the debate of

the most interesting character. The decision favored the affirmative.

On the occasion of the above debate, the Association elected to membership Messrs. Watson and Donlady.

M. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

Death of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio.

HON. THOMAS EWING, of Lancaster, departed this life calmly, fully possessed of his faculties, and fortified by the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, at 3 p. m., on the 26th inst.

Mr. Ewing has long been known to the country as one of its ablest legislators, and as a statesman of broad and true principles. His manner of life was one of remarkable regularity, and, at the advanced age of over four score, he still possessed the vigor of manhood in its prime. Though not always a professed Catholic, his life was a beautiful example of rectitude and sincerity to his family, all of whom have been from childhood members of the Catholic Church, and to his large circle of friends. A week before his death, he received the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, and his death, though a severe stroke to his family by whom he was held in the true filial respect and affection, is deprived of much of its bitterness by the fulfilment of their most ardent wishes—that he should make open profession of the faith, of the truth of which he was convinced, and should practise his holy religion.

All the members of his family were present. Hon. P. B. Ewing, of Lancaster, Gen. Hugh Ewing, General Thomas Ewing, General Charles Ewing, General Sherman, his adopted son, and Mrs. Sherman, his daughter; Mr. Steele, and Mrs. Steele, his daughter, had the sad consolation of gathering around him in his last moments. While offering our sympathy to the bereaved family, we, as they, have the consolation that he died in the communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

May he rest in peace!

ADROITLY HIT.—A correspondent of the *Herald* and *Presbyter*, writing from Minnesota, tells the following:

I have picked up "a little story" which I think too good a reproof for disturbers of the peace in churches to be lost. A presiding elder of the United Brethren Church was preaching in the neighborhood, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said:

"I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me:

'Brother—, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.'

Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot."

During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

In the event of a fire, occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp, be very certain not to pour water on the burning oil, for in doing that you only aid the conflagration, for the oil will float upon the water, and the swift flowing of the stream will serve to communicate the flames to all parts of the room. If you want to put the fire out at once throw woollen blankets on it.

Base-Ball.

The third game for the Championship took place Wednesday, Oct. 18th. The game opened well, the playing on both sides being very sharp. The Seniors maintained the lead up to the sixth innings, when the plucky Juniors, by strong and safe batting, took the lead and came out victorious.

Reilly, W. Dum, Hogan, and McOske, of the Star of the West, and Walsh, Badeaux, and Leffingwell, of the Star of the East, made some fine catches. The Junior nine batted well, especially on the eighth innings, when they trotted around the bases for ten runs. Badeaux and Walsh did the best batting and playing on the Seniors' side. I must also mention that the Juniors were short of four of their best players; but those out of the second nine, who took their places, did them full justice. In this game Walsh's pitching was very good, but he was miserably supported.

The next game will be very interesting, for on it depends the last hope of the Juniors for the Championship of Notre Dame.

The following is the

SCORE:

STAR OF THE WEST.	O. R.	STAR OF THE EAST.	O. R.
McOske, 3d b.....	2 4	Roberts, c.....	2 5
Berdell, 1st b.....	5 3	Leffingwell, c. f.....	5 2
Mahony, r. f.....	2 4	Badeaux, 1st b.....	1 6
Dodge, l. f.....	4 3	Walsh, p.	1 6
Taylor, c.	5 2	Darmody, 2d b.....	5 2
Hogan, 2d b.....	4 3	Staley, r. f.....	2 2
W. Dum, p.	1 6	Smar, s. s.....	3 1
Parsons, c. f.....	2 5	Clarke, 3d b.....	3 3
Reilly, s. s.	2 5	Sweeney, c. f.....	5 3
Total, - - -	27 35	Total, - - -	27 30

SCORE BY INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. W.	2	2	2	4	2	7	6	10	0
S. E.	3	5	0	8	1	1	2	2	8

Fly Catches—S. W., 10; S. E., 5.

Passed Balls—S. W., 6; S. E., 7.

Called Balls—S. W., 35; S. E., 38.

Time of Game—3 hours.

Umpire—S. E. Dum.

Scorers—Messrs. McDonald and Staley.

Yours truly,
JACK.

THE GREAT FIRES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.—London, in 1666, 13,200 buildings destroyed; loss, \$55,000,000.

Moscow, 1812, 30,800 buildings burned; loss, \$150,000,000. Only 6,000 houses left standing.

Savannah, 1820, 463 buildings burned; loss, \$8,000,000.

New York, 1835, 649 buildings burned; loss, \$18,000,000.

Pittsburg, 1845, 1,200 buildings burned; loss, \$5,000,000.

St. Louis, 1849, 418 buildings and 27 steamboats burned; loss, \$5,000,000.

San Francisco, 1851, 2,500 buildings burned; loss, \$17,000,000.

Constantinople, 1852, 3,500 buildings burned.

Hamburg, 1852, 1,747 buildings burned.

Portland, 1866, 1,600 buildings burned; loss above insurance, \$5,500,000.

Constantinople, 1870, over 7,000 buildings burned; 1,000 lives and \$25,000,000 worth of property lost.

TEACHER—"What is a school?"

BOY—"A school is—a school is—"

TEACHER, (assisting).—"A school is a place, where—"

BOY, (interrupting).—"A place where the wicked shall be punished forever in the flames of hell!"

If you were the wife of your grandmother's uncle's cousin's half sister, what relation would you be to your stepmother's aunt's sister-in-law?

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
OCTOBER 25, 1871. }

The general Vocal Class, in which every pupil is taught the rudiments of music and drilled in the vocal exercises, gives great satisfaction to all, and affords a pleasing relaxation from more fatiguing studies. This general Singing Class has developed some very fine voices.

The young ladies of the Graduating Class have brought out their "Silver Trumpet" of last year, and given the pupils the pleasure of again hearing its silvery tones. This "Silver Trumpet" was formerly "The Organ" of the "First Seniors," but now has to give expression to the higher views and loftier sentiments of the Graduates. Will the First Seniors of this year dare to start a rival paper?—We shall see.

We are happy to announce that the pupils at St. Mary's have resumed their accustomed cheerfulness, for the courageous tone of the letters received from those parents who are sufferers by the late terrible conflagration, imparts to their children a hopeful spirit combined with a Christian submission to the dispensations of Divine Providence.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

October 22.—Misses B. Crowley, M. Wicker, L. Rutherford, B. Hilton, E. Brandenburg, L. Eutzier, M. Leizen, L. Pfeiffer, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Pinney, I. Washburn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 18.—Misses L. Harrison, E. Horgan, L. Wood, A. Galhardt, F. Munn, M. Sylvester, N. O'Meara, K. Fullman, M. Carlin, A. Burney, C. Davis.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.

Graduating Class.—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clark, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior Class.—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, L. Hoyt, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lissen, K. Brown.

Second Senior Class.—Misses L. Duffield, N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, M. Ward, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Platt, E. Rollins, J. Coffey, C. Latta, J. Millis, C. Woods, A. Woods, M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clark.

Third Senior Class.—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, R. Devoto, M. Prince, M. Letourneau, B. Bable, S. Johnson, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Arnsby, M. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Quan, J. Kearny.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, G. Kellogg, M. Moon, A. Hamilton, N. Sanders, C. Creyling, N. Sullivan, M. Cummings, B. Gaffney.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, F. Moore, M. Pinney, I. Washburn, F. Hoyt, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Standard, D. Willey, J. Luce, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, A. Byrne, M. Quill.

Third Preparatory Class.—M. A. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Hupp, B. Schmidt, A. Sweeney, L. Buchlar, C. Germain.

Junior Preparatory Class.—J. Duffield, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, M. Faxon, M. Reynolds.

First French Class.—M. Shirland, J. Forbes, H. Tinsley, L. Marshall, M. Kirwan, M. Tuberty, M. Quan, A. Clarke, N. Gross.

Second French Class.—L. Hoyt, L. West, M. Kearny, J. Kearny, K. Haymond.

Latin Class.—Miss F. Munn.

DRAWING.

First Class.—Misses A. Robson, D. Green, R. Devoto, A. Emonds.

Second Class.—Misses L. Edwards, E. Rollins, B. Reynolds, N. Sullivan.

OIL PAINTING.

Misses A. Shea, M. Lange, J. Millis, L. Hoyt.

PRIVATE VOCAL CLASS.

Misses L. West, M. Tuberty, A. Robson, J. Millis, K. Brown, R. Devoto, M. Prince, N. Hogue.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—M. Shirland, M. Kirwin.

Second Division—K. McMahon, I. Taylor, A. Borup.

Second Class—G. Hurst, H. Niel, R. Spiers.

Second Division—L. West, M. Ward, A. Gollhardt.

Third Class—H. McMahon, M. Larsson, L. Duffield, M. Prince, N. Hogue.

Second Division—M. Tuberty, A. Emonds, K. Brown.

Fourth Class—J. Forbes, N. Keenan, B. Cable.

Second Division—R. Devoto, S. Johnson, A. Robson.

Fifth Class—M. Pinney, N. Gross, B. Schmidt, S. Honeyman.

Sixth Class—M. Higgins, N. Sullivan, M. Cummings.

Second Division—E. Wade, B. Wade, I. Edwards.

Seventh Class—D. Willey, F. Buehler, M. Kelly, I. Reynolds.

Eight Class—F. Lloyd, M. Faxon, N. Horgan, M. Hildreth.

Ninth Class—M. Reynolds, K. Fullmer, F. Munn.

Theoretical Classes—E. Plamondon, L. Duffield, A. St. Clair, D. Greene, J. Coffey, M. Letourneau, A. Shea, N. Duffield, C. Creveling, G. Kelly, M. Kearney, B. Cable, A. Woods, A. Conahan, S. Johnson, A. Hamilton, J. Kearney, L. Tinsley, L. Wood, M. Pinney, M. Carlin, M. Mooney, D. Willy, V. Ball, M. Moon, I. Reynolds, M. Faxon.

Harp—E. Dunbar.

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Leave South Bend 10:8 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2:10 a. m.
" " 12:22 p. m.	" 11:00 a. m.
" " 9:00 p. m.	" 2:00 p. m.

" " 12:33 a. m.	" 5:30 p. m.
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GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 4:05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7:20 p. m.
" " 3:14 a. m.	" 6:50 a. m.
" " 5:00 a. m.	" 8:20 a. m.
" " 4:22 p. m.	" 8:20 p. m.

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